

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XIX.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1823.

[Price 2d.]

Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena.



Few individuals of any age or country ever occupied so large a portion of public attention, or so excited the astonishment of the world, as Napoleon Bonaparte, whose unassuming tomb on the barren rock of St. Helena, forms the subject of our present engraving. Thus he who but yesterday might

Have stood against the world, now
Lies he there,
And none so poor as do him reverence."

Napoleon Bonaparte, "a name at which the world grew pale," who from a humble situation in life created a mighty empire, and placed himself at its head, was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769, the same year that gave birth to our great Captain, the Duke of Wellington. Napoleon was educated at the military school of Brienne, in France. At an early age he entered into the Republican service, and greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, at the time it was in possession of the English. Though at this time very young, he felt that

—"energy divine of great ambition,
That can inform the souls of beardless
boys,
And ripen 'em to men, in spite of
Nature."

A few years sufficed to place him at the head of the French armies and the French republic. In 1804, he was raised to the throne under the title of Emperor of the French, and crowned by the Pope. The whole continent of Europe soon owned his power: three of his brothers and a brother-in-law, with one of his Generals, were placed on the thrones of Spain, Holland, Naples, Sweden, and Westphalia, which was raised into a kingdom: the Electors of Bavaria and Wurtemberg were created Kings; the Emperor of Germany was compelled to relinquish the title, and accept that of Emperor of Austria; and the King of Prussia, whose capital was several times in possession of Napoleon, retained his title but as a feudal tenure. Such was at one time the power of Napoleon, until, tempting fortune too far, he suffered

Vol. I.

U

reverses, and, after the battle of Waterloo, throw himself on the generosity of the British nation—a generosity which consigned him to the Island of St. Helena. From this captivity the hand of death released him on the 5th of May, 1821, after an illness of six weeks. He gave directions about his affairs and papers until five or six hours before he died. One trait of character displayed itself in his last moments, which marks the

“ Ruling passion, strong in death.”

As he found his end approach, he was habited, at his own request, in his uniform of field marshal, with boots and spurs, and placed on a camp-bed, on which he was accustomed to sleep when in health, and preferred to every other. In this dress he expired. Though Bonaparte is supposed to have suffered much, his dissolution was so calm and serene, that not a sigh escaped him, or any intimation to the by-standers that it was so near. His attendants wished his body to be conveyed to Europe; but on opening the will, it was found that he had left a request that it should be interred in the island, and pointed out the spot where he wished his remains to rest, in a beautiful valley under the pendant branches of the combined shade of several flourishing weeping willows, near his favorite spring, and not far distant from the place of his residence. The grave was ten feet long, ten deep, and five wide: the bottom is a solid rock; the sides and ends are walled in with Portland stone; the top of the grave is elevated about eight inches above the surface of the ground, and covered over with three rough slate stones which had been taken from the kitchen floor of the new house, that had been constructed for his residence. The tomb was railed round with green railing, and a sentinel walked round it night and day, to prevent approach within the railing. There was no inscription upon the tomb. The ground surrounding it, it was understood, was to be laid out as gardens, for the accommodation of those who came to visit the grave of the departed Emperor.

The cemetery of Napoleon is a singular instance of adaptation to the character of the individual buried—a vast rock rising out of the ocean, alone, towering, unshaken and magnificent; a perfect emblem of the genius of the man, as it must appear in future history. When the feminine apprehension of

the magic of his name, or hatred to his ashes, that consigned them to such a grave, instead of bringing them to Europe, has subsided, and his virtues and vices are duly weighed, unwarped by modern prejudices, his name, connected with his gigantic exploits, will still more resemble the rock of St. Helena rising “ majestic ’mid the solitude of time.”

Shortly after the death of Napoleon, Captain Lockerby was at St. Helena, and visited his humble tomb.—While he was ruminating on the narrow spot, that contained all that remained of him that had awed the world, he observed some ladies, who, on their way from India to England in the *Moirra*, had landed and were urged by similar curiosity, to visit the tomb. They had brought refreshments with them, and sat on the grass. One of them approached the well (which it was well known was a favorite of Bonaparte) and drew some water, which they drank. Whether the water tasted uncommonly sweet after that to which they had been so long accustomed on ship-board, or they conceived the Emperor had, in his rocky prison, relinquished the garb and “ high imaginations” of the monarch, and assumed the manners and frugality of the anchorite, Capt. L. is unable to decide; but on drinking a draught, one of those ladies seriously observed, “ How happy Bonaparte must have been to have such delicious water to drink !” Capt. L. could not help smiling at the philosophy of the female, who could find in a glass of pure water an antidote for the loss of health and liberty, and power, and domestic affection. The ladies filled their empty bottles at the well, observing that they would carry some of the chrysal beverage to England. Capt. L. followed their example, and brought a bottle of it to Liverpool.

We cannot better conclude our notice of this subject than by the following lines, written by a young and provincial poet (Mr. C. A. Hulbert, of Shrewsbury) on

THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

The tempest is hush'd, and the Eagle is dead !

His thunderbolts fly, and his wings clap no more !

The plumes that to war and to victory led,

For ever lie folded on Helena's shore.

But where is the tomb that should mark
the repose,
Of that bright flaming Comet on
History's pages?
Or the shrine which the bay and the
laurel crown strews,
Where the song echoes loudly—the
Wonder of ages!

Beneath the deep shade of a mute
willow only,
O'er his still honour'd relics pale
History weeps:
And a letterless stone, midst its moun-
tains so lonely,
Alone marks the spot where Napo-
leon sleeps.

A few heartfelt tears at his burial fell,
But no orphan, or parent or widow,
was there,
And Friendship alone op'd its tear
chrysal well,
To water the willows which mourn
for him here.

But tears do not speak all the anguish
of grief,
'Tis deeper, when pain stops the
springs of the eye;
When the heart is confined and de-
prived of relief,
In the sweet balm of nature, the
tear or the sigh.

And the soldier still heaves in his
soul that deep sigh.
When he thinks on His glory, re-
members His wars,
And with mourning of sorrow which
never can die,
Still honours His name and is proud
of his scars.

Immortal with man when mausoleums
are rotten,
While Genius is honoured, and con-
quests enhance,
He shall need not the praise of the
early forgotten,
His fame is impressed on the bosom
of France!

Barren Isle! that dost hold in thy sea
beaten bosom,
His ashes—be proud of the trea-
sure that's there;
For Pilgrims for ages shall scatter
their blossom,
Till thy deserts smile lovely, thy
rocks become fair.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE EPIGRAM CLUB.

The Clubs of London, in their va-
riety and hostility, resemble the Clans
of Scotland. The Highland lass ridi-
cules the Lowland lads. So the spur-
red and booted member of Brookes's,
casting an eye of scorn up the vista of
Albemarle-street, dubs the Alfred a
congress of blue-stocking old women.
The Union sets at nought the Verulam,
while the brethren of the latter think
that, with the title of Lord Bacon, they
have exclusively inherited no small
portion of his learning and sagacity.
The Beef-steak club meets under the
roof of the Lyceum; Rich, its founder,
was proprietor of Covent-garden the-
atre: *ergo*, its members must eat and
drink within Thespian walls. Par-
tridge would have dubbed this a *non
sequitur*; but logic in his day was
only in its infancy. The Thespian
club assembles at Molard's tavern in
Great Russell-street. Every syllable
there uttered must smack of the side-
scene. If you drink with your neigh-
bour, it is "Measure for Measure."
In raising the glass you exclaim, "So
the King drinks to Hamlet:" and if
you differ in opinion with the gentle-
man who sits next to you, you ejacu-
late with Marc Antony, "O pardon
me, thou bleeding piece of earth."

Not the least singular establishment
of this kind is the "Unsuccessful"
club at the Bedford, so called from its
members having failed in dramatic
writing. One damned farce entitles a
man to be a member, *instantly*. If
his comedy be withdrawn after the se-
cond night, he must be ballotted for.
But if his tragedy be hissed off during
the first act, he comes in by acclama-
tion, and may order what dinner he
pleases. The perpetual president,
with a silver catcall at his button-hole,
attained that eminence by a long ca-
reer of damnation. He proudly boasts
that, during a seven years' probation,
his most endurable dramatic bantling
was a melodrama that set every body
asleep. He counts his hisses as a war-
rior does his wounds, and hopes in
time, by dint of bad acting, to make
the people in the pit tear up the benches.

The last association, and the only
one, on which I shall dilate, is called
the Epigram Club. Young Culpepper
and Captain Augustus Thackeray are
members. They assemble at the

Wrekin, and lately had a numerous muster to dinner.

On the removal of the cloth, the president gave three knocks with his hammer upon a table, whose dented surface bore evident tokens of many former attacks of the same sort. Silence being procured, he commenced his harangue by reminding the society, that, there, nobody was required to sing: that it was Gothic barbarity to call upon a gentleman to struggle with a cold and hoarseness: that the organs of singing were frequently deranged, those of speaking very seldom: and, therefore, that the usages of this institution were highly rational, inasmuch as no man was there called upon for a song, but every man for an epigram. Then, addressing himself to the member on his right, with the most amusing gravity, he exclaimed, "Mr. Merryweather, may I trouble you for an epigram?" Mr. Merryweather, thus accosted, begged to remind the company that on the Bow-street side of Covent-garden Theatre, stood a statue of Comedy and another of Tragedy. "You are right, Sir," said Culpepper, "and they both look so sober that it would puzzle Garrick himself to say which was which." "You have hit it, Sir," answered Merryweather; "upon that circumstance hinges my epigram. It is as follows:

With steady mien, unalter'd eye,
The Muses mount the pile;
Melpomene disdains to cry,
Thalia scorns to smile.

Pierian springs when moderns quaff,
'Tis plainly meant to show,
Their Comedy excites no laugh,
Their Tragedy no woe."

A pretty general knocking of glasses upon the table denoted that this sally told well; and the society, as in duty bound, drank Mr. Merryweather's health. "Mr. Morris," said the deputy chairman to a member on his right hand, "were you at the late masquerade at the Opera House?" "I was," answered Morris, with all the elation which is felt by a man who thinks he sees an opening for throwing in a good thing. "I went with Lump, the leatherseller. He wore a Domino, but he wanted to go in character." "What character?"—"Charles the Second."—"Indeed! and what made him alter his determination?"—"My epigram."—"Oh, pray let us have it."—"Certainly:

To this night's masquerade, quoth Dick,
By pleasure I am beckon'd,
And think 'twould be a pleasant trick
To go as Charles the Second.

Tom felt for repartee a thirst,
And thus to Richard said:
You'd better go as Charles the First,
For that requires no head."

"Bravo," ejaculated the president.
"Mr. Vice, you will please to call upon Mr. Snaggs. We must take him in time, or the Hampstead stage will be too sharp for us." Snaggs, who for the last five minutes had been fidgetting and looking at his watch, with as much disengaged hilarity as falls to the lot of any married man, who is tied down to stage-coach hours, started from a reverie, and begged to inform the company, that in his village resided a physician and a vicar, who often walked arm in arm together. "Which circumstance," said Snaggs, "induced me to squib at them after the following fashion:

How D. D. swaggers, M. D. rolls!
I dub them both a brace of noddies:
Old D. D. has the Cure of souls,
And M. D. has the Care of bodies.

Between them both, what treatment
rare

Our souls and bodies must endure,
One has the Cure without the Care,
And one the Care without the Cure."

The Secretary now read the report of the society, after which Mr. Daffodil being called upon, gave the following epigram:

"To Flavia's shrine two suitors run
And woo the fair at once:
A needy fortune-hunter one,
And one a wealthy dunce.

How, thus twin-courted, she'll behave
Depends upon this rule—
If she's a fool she'll wed the knave,
And if a knave the fool."

This effort was received with some applause, but it did not quite amount to a hit. The company seemed to opine that knave and fool were not fit names to call a lady. It mattered little what they thought, young Daffodil had relapsed into his reverie. The following was pronounced considerably better:

"My thrifty spouse, her taste to please,
With rival dames at auctions vies;
She doats on every thing she sees,
And every thing she doats on buys.

I with her taste am quite enchanted:
Such costly wares, so wisely sought!
Bought, because they may be wanted;
Wanted, because they may be
bought."

The chairman's turn arriving, he gave the following :

"Two Harveys had a separate wish
To please in separate stations ;
The one invented Sauce for fish,
The other Meditations.

Each has his pungent powers applied
To aid the dead and dying,
That relishes a Sole when fried,
This saves a soul from frying."

"Gentlemen," said the member whose turn was next in succession, "I have a weighty objection to all that has been hitherto uttered. An epigram should not be extended to eight lines; and I believe all that we have heard this evening have been of that length. Four lines ought to be the *ne plus ultra*: if only two, so much the better. Allow me to deliver one which was uttered by an old gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for money :

Dear Bell, to gain Money, sure, silence
Is best,

For dumb Bells are fittest to open the chest."

"I am quite of your opinion," said he who followed; "and in narrating an epitaph by a disconsolate husband upon his late wife, I mean to confine myself within the same Spartan limits: Two bones from my body have taken a trip,

I've buried my Rib, and got rid of my Hyp."

MEDICAL AND MERCANTILE SMALL-TALK.

There is something particularly *piquant* in the small-talk of gentlemen of the medical profession. I well recollect the conversation of two young surgeons, who were sitting in the next box to me in a coffee-house near Great Marlborough-street. "Oh, by-the-bye, Jenkins, I got the finest subject yesterday you ever saw."—"Ay! where did you get it?"—"From France, to be sure, and never saw a fellow so neatly packed; by Jove, he was as round as a ball."—"What was the damage?"—"Oh, the fellow who sent him me, said if I would send him back the hamper full of beef, he should be satisfied; so I sent him a trifle."—"Have you any part to spare?" (*Waiter another chop.*)—"Why, you may have a limb reasonable."—"Well, then, next week; but just at present I have got a very pretty small subject."—"What did you give?"—"Two shillings an inch, but the cursed fellow had pulled the child's neck almost out

of joint, to make it an inch longer. But didn't I tell you of the fun we had at Br—'s? You know we had that fellow who was hanged on Wednesday for murdering his grandmother. Well, he was devilish ill-hanged, and so we thought we'd galvanize him. We got the battery ready (you know it's a pretty strong one), and, as soon as it was applied, the fellow—but wont you have some more porter? (*Waiter, another pint of port.*) The fellow lifted up his brawny arm and threw it twice across his breast. The pupils were all delighted, but our Irishman O'Reilly—you know O'Reilly, who nearly got into a scrape with cracking the crown of the sexton at St. Pancras—O'Reilly, who was standing by with a stout board in his hand, no sooner saw this motion, than, not quite understanding the affair, and fearing that the fellow was actually coming to life again, he caught him a thwack on the side of the head, which made the cerebellum ring again. 'Is it he's going to walk?' cried Paddy—thwack—'and shall justice be *defuted*?—thwack—'and shall I be *chated* out of my shaving money?'—thwack—'By Jaus I've flogged him!'—"Capital!" cried Jenkins, "I wish I had been there. But have you heard of Astley Cooper's operation?"—"No, what was it?"—"Why, he whipped off a child's leg in thirty-eight seconds and a half: the child didn't know what he was about, and only asked what was tickling it so."—"Clever that, by Jove. Do you hear who is likely to get St. Thomas's?"—"Why, some say Dr. A. and some say Dr. B. I know B.'s friends have subscribed for thirty new governors. Have you seen the new tourniquet?"—"No, but I'm told it's clever: what do you think of the Moxa?"—"A deal of humbug."—"Have you a small skull?"—"Yes, I've two."—"Will you lend me one?"—"Oh, certainly."—"By-the-bye, where do you get your knives from?"—"From Millikin's."—"And your books?"—"I always go to Callow's."—"By-the-bye, (whiff, whiff,) I think you haven't changed your dissecting coat, have you?"—"Hush, hush! the people about you will hear: they all think now that it's the woodcock, a little too *gamy* in the next box."—"This was quite sufficient for me: I had been for some time aware

* I have since discovered that the Surgeon receives a crown for shaving and dressing a subject before dissection.

of a strange odour, but I had laid it to the account of the woodcock. No sooner, however, did I discover the true origin of it, than, throwing down my money and seizing my hat, I hastily sought the open air.

There is a peculiar richness and high-flavour in the confidential communications of a couple of merchants. "Cottons look lively."—"Yes, but ashes are very black."—"Pray do you hold much rum?"—"Dreadful storm last night: poor Jones! he underwrote 7,000*l.* last week. I met him this morning looking very ill—said he couldn't sleep last night for the wind. By the way, have you heard that K— has been flying kites lately?"—"Yes, I fear he will be illustrated by the King's Printer, poor K—!"—*New Monthly Magazine.*

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

The late Mr. Trosham used to relate that, while he resided at Rome, there was a dog who was in the habit of frequenting a certain coffee-house; and, on any person throwing him a piece of money, he would run with it to a shop for bread, which bread he would bring to the coffee-room, and eat it before the person who gave the coin; as if in order to show he had put their money to a proper purpose.

A gentleman at Mr. T.'s related the following: A dog used to be sent by his master every morning to a baker's shop, with a penny in his mouth, to purchase a roll for breakfast: he had continued to do this for some time, when, at length, the baker having changed his journeyman, the dog was unheeded. Vexed at thus waiting for his breakfast, he barked aloud, and, picking up the penny, ran to the master of the shop, who blamed the man for attempting to hurt the dog, when he resisted having the penny taken from him. The fellow took it in dudgeon, and resolved, next time this comical customer appeared, to be *funny* with the dog; accordingly, the next morning he made a roll hotter than the rest, and, when the dog arrived, he proffered it to him. The animal, as usual, seized the bread, but, finding it too hot to hold, he dropt it: he tried it again—again it burned him; at length, as if guessing at the trick, he jumped on the counter, caught up his penny, and changed his baker.

A dog, having been run over by a carriage, had his leg broken, and a humane surgeon passing, had the animal brought home, set his leg, and,

having cured his patient, discharged him—aware that he would return to his old master; and the dog, whenever he met the surgeon afterwards, never failed to recognize him, by wagging his tail, and other demonstrations of joy. One day a violent barking was heard at the surgeon's door, which was found to be occasioned by this dog, who it appeared was striving to procure admittance for another dog, who had just had his leg broken!—*Monthly Magazine.*

STANZAS,

BY BERNARD BARTON.

I KNEW thee in thy prouder days;
And still my memory clings
To social hours, whose brighter rays
Seem quivering o'er thy strings.
For yet upon those wires there dwells,
To fancy's kindling eye,
A silent charm, which wakens spells
Of moments long gone by—
When, 'mid the festive, friendly ring,
Which hall'd stern winter's night,
Those chords would round the circle
Sling
The tapers' mimic light;
And with that mimic light, and thee,
Would thoughts of song combine,
Which made me vow, in minstrel glee,
A wreath for thee to twine.

That dream is past! thy beauties now
Are dimm'd—thy chords are broken;
And I, who should redeem that vow,
Mourn o'er the faithful token.
As *Time* and *Chance*, relentless pair!
Thy fairy form have shattered,
So has the world or worldly care,
Thy poet's visions scatter'd!

Lady's Magazine.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH GLUTTON.

(Concluded from our last.)

But if such were some of the local and particular waking miseries of my excess, what, oh what tongue may give utterance to, what pen pourtray, the intolerable terrors of my dreaming hours! For many months of my protracted and painful re-establishment, I dreamt every night—not one respite for at least three hundred weary and wasting days—quodidian repetitions of visions, each one more hideous than the former. I dreamt, and dreamt, and dreamt—of what? Of pig—pig—pig—nothing but pig. Pork, in all its multiplied and multiform modifications, was ever before me. Every possible

form or preparation into which imagination could convert the hated animal, was everlastingly dangling in my sight, running around me, pursuing and persecuting me, in all the aggravation of the most exaggerated monstrosities. The scenery which accompanied these animal illustrations was always in keeping with the sickening subject. Sometimes, as I began to doze away in the mellow twilight of an autumn evening, or the frosty rarefaction of a winter's day, or a day in spring, it was all one—a sudden expansion of vision has begun to open upon me; and be it remembered that I always fancied myself of Hebrew extraction, Abraham, or Joseph, or Isaac—a Rabanite or a Caraites, as the case might be—the high-priest of the synagogue, or an old clothes-man; but in all cases a Jew, with every religious predilection and antipathy strongly fixed in my breast. A sudden expansion of vision, I say, began to open upon me—vast wildernesses spread far around—rocks of tremendous aspect seemed toppling from mountains of the most terrific elevation. The forms of the former were of the strangest fantasy, but all presented some resemblance to a boar's head; while the hills showed invariably, in their naked and barren acclivities, an everlasting sameness of strata, that presented the resemblance of veiny layers of pickled pork, and the monstrous flowers with which the earth was bespread were never-ending representations of rashers and eggs! A sickness and faintness always began to seize upon me at these sights; and, turning my glances upwards, I was sure to see the clouds impregnated with fantastic objects, all arising out of associations connected with my antipathy and loathing. Gigantic hams were impending over my head, and threatening to crush me with their weight. My eyes sunk, and I caught the peaks of the horrid hills frizzled with the grinning heads, and pointed with the tusks of the detested animal. The branches of the trees were all at once converted to twisted and curling pig-tails. Atoms then seemed springing from the sand; they were soon made manifest in all the caperings and gambols of a litter of sucking gruntlings. They began to multiply—with what frightful celerity! The whole earth was in a moment covered with them, of all possible varieties of colours. They began to grow bigger, and instantaneously they gained dimensions that no waking eye can bring into

any possible admeasurement. I attempted to run from them: they galloped after me in myriads, grunting in friendly discord, while magical knives and forks seemed stuck in their hams, as they vociferated in *their* way, "Come eat me, come eat me!" At other times I pursued them, in the frenzy of my despair, endeavouring to catch them, but in vain; every tail was soaped, and as they slipped through my fingers they sent forth screams of the most excruciating sharpness, and a laugh of hideous mockery, crying, in horrible chorus, "What a bore, what a bore! Bubble and squeak! Bubble and squeak!" with other punning and piggish impertinencies of the same cut and pattern. Then, again, an individual wretch would contract himself to a common-sized hog, and, rushing from behind between my legs, scamper off with me whole leagues across the desert; then, gradually expanding to his former monstrous magnitude, rise up with me into the skies, that seemed always receding from our approach, and stretching out to an interminable immensity; when the horrid brute on which I was mounted would give a sudden kick and grunt, and fling me off, and I tumbled headlong down thousands of thousands of fathoms, till I was at length landed in a pig-stye, at the very bottom of all bottomless pits.

At other times I used to imagine myself suddenly placed in the heart of a pork-shop. In a moment I was assailed by the most overpowering steams of terrible perfume, the gravy of the fatal dish floating round my feet, and clouds of suffocating fragrance almost smothering me as I stood. On a sudden every thing began to move, immense Westphalian hams flapped to and fro, banged against my head, and beat me from one side of the shop to the other—huge slitches of bacon fell upon me, and pressed me to the ground, while a sea of the detestable gravy flowed in upon me, and over me. Then frightful pigs' faces joined themselves together, and caught me in their jaws, when, called in by my shriek, which was the expected signal for their operations, three or four horrid-looking butchers rushed upon me, and, as a couple of them pinioned and held me down on my back, another stuffed me to choking with pork-pies, until I awoke more dead than alive.

Once, and once only, I had a vision connected with this series of suffering, which I must relate, from this peculiar nature, and as the origin of a popular

hoax long afterwards put upon the world. I dreamt one night, that preparations were making, on a most splendid scale, for my marriage with a very beautiful girl of our neighbourhood, to whom I was (whatever my readers may think) very tenderly attached. The ceremony was to take place, methought, in Canterbury Cathedral. I was all at once seized with a desire to examine the silent solemnity of the Gothic pile. I entered, I forgot how. A rich strain of music was poured from the organ-loft. A mellow stream of light flowed in through the stained glass of the windows. I was quite alone, and the most voluptuous tide of thought stole upon my mind. While I stood thus in the middle of the aisle, a distant door opened, and the bridal party entered. My affianced spouse, surrounded by a clustre of friends, glittering with brilliant ornaments, and glowing in beauty, approached me. I advanced to meet her, in unutterable delight; when, as I drew near, I saw that the appearance of every thing began to change. The pillars seemed suddenly converted to huge Bologna sausages; the various figures of saints and angels, painted on the windows, were altered into portraits of black porkers; the railings of the different enclosures took the curved form of spare ribs; the walls were hung with pig-skin tapestry; the beautiful melody just before played on the organ, was followed by a lively and familiar tune, and a confusion of voices sung,

"The pigs they lie," &c.

while a discordant chorus of diabolical grunting, wound up each stanza. In the mean time the bride approached; but what horror accompanied her! The wreath of roses braided round her head, was all at once a twisted band of black-puddings. Hog's bristles shot out from the roots of what was so lately her golden hair; a thin string of sausages took place of her diamond necklace; her bosom was a piece of brawn; her muslin robe became a pie-bald covering of ham-sandwiches; her white satin shoes were kicked, oh, horror! off a pair of petticoates; and her beautiful countenance—swallow me, ye wild boars!—presented but the hideous spectacle, since made familiar to the public, under the figure of THE PIG-FACED LADY!!! Hurried on by an irresistible and terrible impulse, I rushed forward, though with loathing, to embrace her; when instantly the detested odour of the hateful gray

came upon me once more; the pillars of the Cathedral swelled out to an enormous circumference, and burst in upon me with a loud explosion; the roof fell down with a fearful crash, and overwhelmed me with a shower of legs of pork and pease-pudding; while, in the agony of my desperation, I caught in my arms my hideous bride, whose deep-brown skin cracked in my embrace, as I pressed to my bursting bosom the everlasting fac-simile of a roast-pig!—In after years I took a fit of melancholy enjoyment in setting afloat the humbug of the Pig-faced Lady.

I will not press upon the reader the manifold miseries that attended upon subsequent surfeits, for a period of more than five-and-twenty years. From what I have feebly sketched, some notion may be conceived of the nature and extent of my disorder. I need not, therefore, dwell on the consequences of my second memorable excess, which took place on the occasion of my eating turtle-soup for the first time. The misery in this matter was more from fright than from repletion; for when, after the sacrifice of repeated helpings of calipash and calipee, I found my teeth immoveably stuck together—in the style which my city readers well understand—I was seized with the horrible conviction that I had got a locked-jaw. Imagination worked so powerfully on this occasion, that when I had pulled my mouth wide-open, beyond even its natural capacity, (which is not trifling, believe me, reader), I sat for hours, roaring out for a dentist to punch in two or three of my front teeth, that I might get some sustenance introduced through a quill. Even when I perfectly recovered my senses, I was long before I could bear to sit a moment with my mouth shut, from the dread of a return of my imagined danger. Then came the *dreaming* again—the crawling tortoises; the clammy glutinous liquid; the green fat—but enough of this!

Repeated sufferings like these broke in upon the crust of my constitution, if I may use the trope; so that when I became of age, and possessed of a good fortune without incumbrance, by the demise of my father, and the second marriage of my mother, (who by that step forfeited her jointure, and with it every claim on my regard), I was in appearance a middle-aged man, and in mind a septuagenary, of the common sort I mean—I, like old Burton, had "neither wife nor children"—my

early attachment—my beautiful neighbour—the prototype—spare me the repetition, reader!—but *she*, you know, *she*—the *LADY* was lost to me for ever! She had but one failing, poor girl—nervousness, just then coming first into fashion; and she took it strongly into her head, that if she married me, I should play the part of the wolf with the Little Red Riding-hood, and eat her up one night in bed. To avoid this unusual and uncomfortable consummation of our nuptials, she discarded my suit altogether, and I lost her for ever. To get over the effects of this blow, I resolved to look for consolation in the joys of foreign cookery. I determined to travel, and I did travel, in pursuit of what I never have been able to discover—the art of allaying an uncontrollable appetite.—As for the love affair, I soon swallowed my grief.

I shall not enumerate my adventures in distant countries, nor detail my observations on objects foreign to my purpose. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. I shall therefore merely say, that having eaten frogs in France, macaroni at Naples, ollapodrida in Spain, opium in Turkey, camel's-flesh in Egypt, horse-flesh in Arabia, elephant-flesh in India, cat's-flesh in China, and hog's-flesh—no, never, never after the affair of the pig—it was a slip of the pen—I returned to England to sit down to plain beef and mutton; convinced that I had come back to the real, healthy, honest standard of good taste. In the broad interval, however, which I have jumped over so rapidly, I had many and many a visiting of direful consequence. At one time I fancied that I was doomed to die of starvation, and the excruciating agonies then endured from cholics and indigestions (proceeding from my even more than natural efforts to eat up to the standard of sufficiency) beggar all description. On another occasion a horrid apprehension oppressed me, that I should one day—but how express myself in English? I cannot; and I should have been silent per force, did not the *delicacies* of the French language come in to my aid—that I should one day, *me crever le ventre!* To guard against this expected calamity, I had a pair of stays made—yes, reader, I was the first of the dandies—the lacing and unlacing of which, before and after meals, was attended with torments more horrible than those pelting and pitiless showers imagined by Dante for the Gluttons of *Air Inferno*.

I forget precisely how many years have elapsed since the exhibition of fat Lambert. It is enough to know, that I went to see the show. I saw him.—Would that I never had! Oh, Heavens! what agonies has that sight cost me! The by-standers who observed me as I entered the room, burst into a loud and involuntary laugh—and no blame to them; for never was there a more ludicrous contrast than Lambert was to me, and I to Lambert. I am six feet five inches and a half high in my stockings; extremely like Justice Shallow, only taller. "Like to a man made after supper of cheese-parings, for whom the case of a treble hautboy would make a mansion;"—and I will venture to say that the skeleton of the Irish giant, dressed in my habiliments, and its back turned, might be taken for my figure by my nearest acquaintance. You all remember, readers, what Lambert's figure was. I do, alas! at any rate!—The very instant I saw him, the notion struck me that I had become his second-self—his ditto—his palpable echo—his substantial shadow—that the observers laughed at our "double transformation," for he was become me at the same time—that I was exhibiting as he then was—and, finally, that I was dying of excessive fat. The idea was like an electric shock, and in one moment I felt that the double identity was completed—that the metamorphosis of Salamis and her lover was acted over again in the persons of myself and the fat man—that I, in short, was Lambert, and Lambert me!—I shot out of the exhibition-room—rushed into the street—quitted the confines of the city—run up towards Hampstead-hill—tried back again, and made off in the direction of the river, endeavouring in vain to shake off the horrid phantasm that had seized upon my mind. I darted along with lightning-speed, my long legs seemed to fling themselves out spontaneously, as if they no more belonged to me than Grimaldi's do to him, yet I fancied that I crept with the pace of a tortoise—that my fat totally prevented my quicker motion—that I should be crushed to death between the hedges, the turnpikes, or the carriages that passed me—and thus I ran in the middle of the road, vociferating for assistance, fighting against the foul fiend, and followed by a crowd of draggled-tailed blackguards, till I reached the banks of the river, and saw myself reflected in the stream. Oh,

Heavens! what a delightful sight was that!

"Then like Narcissus——"

But I must leave the quotation unfinished, and come at last to a full stop; for I fear I am trenching upon the privilege—poaching upon the preserve—of some contemporary hypochondriac. If so, if any may have led the way in giving to the world, like me, their *real unexaggerated* Confessions, I can only complain, with the modern poet who accused Shakspeare of forestalling his thoughts, that they, be they who they may, have very unhandsomely and plagiaristically anticipated my own original lacubrations. And now having fairly unbosomed my sins, if they are sins, I trust to receive from a grateful public, in whose interest alone have I compiled these sheets, the absolution which should always follow confession. Then, as is usual in these cases, that having disgorged my over-loaded conscience, I may be allowed to return to my *old courses*—following in this the example of Cæsar, who, according to Cicero, *post canam vomere volebat, ideoque largius edebat*. Should any harsh hearer or rigorous reader be inclined to constrain the bowels of his compassion, and still deny me pardon, to him I beg to propose a question in the words of our immortal Bard, which he may answer the next time we meet at dinner,—

"——If little faults

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us!"

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

The Nobelist.

No. XVII.

ELEANOR, THE HEROINE.

One day, turning hastily round the corner of a street, I was struck by the figure of a man, who sought relief from his distress in the charity of his fellow-creatures, but his wan countenance and extended arm alone pleaded for him with mute eloquence. I thought I knew the features, but vainly endeavoured to recollect where; and, giving him a few halfpence, passed on. This idea still haunted me, and I returned in the afternoon, resolving to inquire who he was; but he was not there. The next day, however, I was more successful. He thanked me for my assistance the day before; his name, he told me, was

S——. It struck me in a moment; it was the son of my old cottagers. I took him home to my lodgings, and, telling him what I knew respecting his family, desired to hear from him the remainder of his history. "It is a narrative of little but misfortunes," he answered; "but if the relation will, in any way, please you, Sir, I owe it to your kindness not to refuse."

"The night when I was pressed, I was as one stupefied; the next day, however, I became composed. I prevailed on a friend, who had obtained leave to see me, to carry a message to a young woman, whom I was attached to, and to desire her, if possible, to visit me before my departure. He did so, and to the last moment I cherished the hope of seeing her; but it was in vain; she did not come, and our vessel set sail. The neglect from one I had so tenderly loved was more cutting than all the rest. I believed her unfaithful; I deemed myself cast off by all mankind, and left unfriended and alone, to traverse over boundless seas. My dejection of spirits, together with the new life I led, destroyed my health, and I lay for weeks a prey to a raging fever, during which I was nursed, with the greatest care and attention, by a young man, with whom I had contracted a friendship, on board the ship in which I was. He seemed ill suited to the life he had chosen, for he was extremely delicate; but he had something in his countenance which reminded me of Eleanor, and this, perhaps, attracted me to him; for I still loved her, notwithstanding her neglect. Under his care, I at length recovered, and was allowed to venture upon the deck, to inhale the refreshing breeze."

"Here I gazed, with a strange and awful feeling of astonishment, on the immense plain of waters, from which I was separated only by a few boards, and listened, with pleasure, to the rustling of the waves by the side of the vessel, as she cut through the deep. How great, I thought, must be the ingenuity of that being who can pass in safety over this mighty expanse! But I was shortly to see that ingenuity exerted for purposes, and in a manner, from which the soul revolts."

"One night, when the crew had retired to their hammocks, I had been talking to my friend; I had dropped a few words of anger against my neglectful Eleanor. He sighed deeply; and once, I thought, he was weeping; but I attributed it to his compassion. On a sudden, we were alarmed by a loud

call from
confusion
for I w
my illn
cause o
pointed
which
siderab
was an
bearing
by this
was cal
at this
able.
called
to depr
terval,
death,
ing; it
confus
rageme
lance
shot di
energy
not mov
momed
was th
was sn
enomy
strong
us. W
be in
the sc
by th
Their
me; I
my fo
sword
barba
me;
seen
tween
which
him s
that
press
Nobl
who,
negl
a sec
water
est—
" "
wor
an A
treat
wher
nece
pani
retu
som
had
and
pay

call from the mast-head, and a bustling confusion on the deck. I sprang up, for I was then almost recovered from my illness, and went to inquire into the cause of the tumult. One of the sailors pointed out to me a dusky object, which floated on the waves, at a considerable distance, and told me that it was an Algerine vessel, which was bearing down upon us. The uproar had, by this time, subsided, and every one was called to his post. My sensations, at this instant, were almost indescribable. In a few moments, I should be called upon to face death, and, perhaps, to deprive others of existence. This interval, as it were, between life and death, was filled with an awful feeling; it was not fear, nor hope, but a confused mixture of both, which was augmented and sustained by the silence which prevailed; for the first shot dissipated all feelings but those of energy and activity. The hostile vessel now approached, hove to, and summoned us to surrender. A broadside was the reply; and, in a moment, all was smoke, fire, and destruction. The enemy were much superior to us in strength, and, at length, they boarded us. We fought hand to hand. It would be in vain to describe the horrors of the scene; they can only be imagined by those who have witnessed them. Their captain happened to come near me; I aimed a blow at him, with all my force, which he parried, and my sword broke short in my hand. The barbarian lifted his sword to strike me; when my friend, whom I had not seen during the action, sprang between us, and received the stroke which was aimed for me. I caught him as he fell; but that dying shriek—that last expiring glance—that soft pressure—told me all: it was Eleanor! Noble, generous, self-devoted being, who, while I was upbraiding her with neglect, had braved all the dangers of a sea life to follow me, to nurse me, to watch me, and last, worst, and bitterest—to die for me!

"I have little else to relate. We were taken, and afterwards retaken by an American, by whom we were well treated, and carried to New York, where we had some clothes and other necessities given us. Some of my companions remained there, but I wished to return to my native country. I worked some time as a joiner, a trade to which I had once been accustomed in England; and, at length, gained sufficient to pay my passage to England. I was

landed here without money or friends. My fatigue had also injured my health, which I had not perfectly recovered, so that I was unable to gain any thing by labour. I had, therefore, subsisted on charity; in soliciting which, I was so fortunate as to meet with you, Sir, who have so kindly relieved me."

Here his narrative concluded, and I will hasten to the conclusion of mine. I conveyed him home, restored him to his parents, and was amply rewarded with their boundless gratitude. He is now in an eligible situation, which does not require any great bodily exertion; he is comfortable; and, could he forget the unhappy fate of his Eleanor, he might be happy.

Miscellanies.

SCOTCH MACHEATH; OR, RETRIBUTION.

It is pretty generally known that the MAIDEN, an instrument for beheading criminals, was introduced into Scotland by Earl Morton, and that he was the first person that suffered by it. M. Guillotine, a French surgeon, who gave his name to an improvement of the Maiden, which became so dreadful an engine of vengeance during the French revolution, also suffered by his own invention. A more obscure person than either of these fell into his own snare. This was Deacon Brodie, who was executed about thirty years ago for robbing the Excise-office in Edinburgh. He was a man of good birth, and his manners more of the Macheath than any culprit that has appeared for the last half century. This gay Deacon of the Carpenters of Edinburgh invented the drop by which all criminals now suffer in Britain, and, strange to say, he was the first man who was hanged on his own commodious gallows. His friends had some notion that the new invention might not do the business so effectually as the old leap from a ladder in the Grass-market, and they prevailed on himself to adopt some device of a silver tube inserted in the windpipe, for the purpose of still further reducing the chances. The Deacon came forth very gaily with his silver tube, a well dressed peruke, and a very grand silk waistcoat, but, alas! "Brodie's drop" was too much for Brodie! The Deacon's body resisted every effort that was made towards producing re-ani-

mation; and although a foolish story was circulated of his having revived, and became a leading member of Congress in the United States of America, yet it is certain that his own drop finished his life.

THE JOURNEYMAN TAILOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To stitch, or not to stitch—that is the question!

Whether 'tis better on the board to suffer

The stings of needles for capricious masters,

Or throw away one's thimble, shears, and bodkin,

And so by tramping end them. To stitch and sweat,

No more, and by a tramp to say we end

The head-ach, and the thousand cramps and pains

We cross-legg'd folks are heirs to; 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To walk, to take a trip,

To rove at large—perchance to beg one's bread!

Aye, there's the rub—

For by this strolling trade what want may come,

When we have shifted from a constant place,

Must give us pain. There's the respect that keeps

One willing prisoner to the shop-board still,

For who would bear the frowns of angry masters,

The jokes and jeers of scavengers and soot-boys,

With all the insult of *unmanly title*, The *honest* tailor is obliged to take,

When he himself might his quietus make

With trav'ling. Who would slavery bear,

And groan and sweat upon a dreary shopboard,

But that the thought of something worse than stitching,

That sting of poverty, whose unwelcome gripe,

Few travellers escape—puzzles the will,

And make us rather bear the ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of. And thus necessity keeps us tailors still:

And thus the native hue of resolution is kept up

By each industrious thought; and tailors too

Of no small pith and moment, by this regard

From tramping turn away, and lose the name

Of vagrants. J—M—x.

BATTLE WITH A SHARK.

Captain John Beams, commander of the York merchant ship, had arrived at Barbadoes from England. Having disembarked the last part of his lading, the sailors who had been employed in the dirty work, ventured into the sea to wash themselves. They had not been there long, before a person on board espied a large shark making towards them, upon which they swam back, and all reached the boat but one. Him the monster overtook, almost within reach of the oars, and grasping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut him asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower part of the body; the remaining part was taken up and carried on board, where his comrade was. His friendship with the deceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of such endearing offices as implied a union and sympathy of souls. When he saw the severed trunk of his friend, it was with a horror and emotion too great for words to paint. During this affecting scene, the unsatiable shark was seen traversing the bloody surface in search of the remainder of his prey. The rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board; he alone unhappy that he was not within reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge his friend, or be swallowed himself in the same grave, he plunged into the deep, armed with a large pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him, than he made furiously towards him; both were equally eager—the one of his prey, the other of revenge. The moment the shark opened his rapacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife in his right, and giving him repeated stabs in the belly, the enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavoured to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom—then mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form, now stained with his own streaming blood above the foaming waves.—The crews of the surrounding vessels saw the unequal combat, uncertain from which of the combatants the

streams
the shar
made to
his con
assor
with r
help of
on sho
united
his frie

AN

In th
Hardy
Lagos
doubte
the Sp
voy of
harbour
rant for
with S
admira
Medite
tellige
best of
before
war w
Sir Ge
import
cessafu
after
obtain
made
Hardy
counte
Sir, a
to the
honour
your l
you l
instan
station
ing a
replie
life a
torest
him
answ
the fi
of re
instan
made

TH

In
Cala
with
1075
roll
the
were
emp
and

streams of blood issued; till at length, the shark, weakened by loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror, who flushed with an assurance of victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardour, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore, ripped up his belly, and united and buried the severed body of his friend in one hospitable grave.

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL HARDY.

In the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos Bay, happened to receive undoubted intelligence of the arrival of the Spanish Galleons, under the convoy of seventeen men of war, in the harbour of Vigo; and without any warrant for so doing, set sail and came up with Sir George Rooke, who was then admiral, and commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him such intelligence as induced him to make the best of his way to Vigo, where all the before-mentioned galleons, and men of war were either taken or destroyed. Sir George Rooke was sensible of the importance of the advice, and the successful expedition of the captain; but after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantage made of it, the admiral had Captain Hardy on board, and with a stern countenance, said, "You have done, Sir, a very important piece of service to the throne; you have added to the honours and riches of your country, by your indefatigable diligence; but don't you know that you are liable at this instant to be shot, for quitting your station?" "He is unworthy of bearing a commission under her Majesty," replied the captain, "who holds his life as aught, when the glory and interest of his Queen and country require him to hazard it." On this heroic answer, he was dispatched home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the Queen, who instantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

THE VICISSITUDES OF COMMERCE.

In the year 1346, at the taking of Calais, Yarmouth assisted the King with 43 ships, on board of which were 1075 mariners; and it appears by the roll of the High Fleet of King Edward the Third, before Calais, that there were 700 ships, and 14,157 mariners employed on that memorable occasion, and that Fowey then supplied the King

with more ships than any sea-port in England, London not excepted. The following is a part of the list:—Fowey 47—Yarmouth 43—Dartmouth 31—Plymouth 26—Shoreham 26—London 25—Bristol 24—Sandwich 22—Dover 21—Southampton 21—Winchelsea 21—Weymouth 20—Loose 20—Newcastle 17—Boston 17—Hull 16. The ships carried from 16 to 30 men each, and the average might be from 25 to 30 each. The navy of England was at that period fitted out in a similar manner to which the militia is raised at present; every sea-port, and other considerable town, being obliged to furnish its quota; the King, on the part of Government, furnishing 25 ships. The circle of importance of the different towns of that day, above 470 years since, when compared with what they are now, gives a most striking proof of the vicissitudes to which commercial places are subject. Truro, in Cornwall, sent nearly twice as many ships as London did, and the names of many of the towns which stood very high in the list, are now almost forgotten.

MINIATURE PUNCH BOWL!

On the 25th October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russell's, when he was Captain-General and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean sea. It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. 4 hogsheads of brandy—8 hogsheads of water—25,000 lemons—20 gallons of lime juice—1300 pounds weight of fine Lisbon sugar—5lbs. of grated nutmegs—300 toasted biscuits, and, lastly, a pipe of dry Mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups of the company; and in all probability 6000 men drank thereof.

COURAGE AND INTEGRITY.

A Caleo, who had been some time tutor to Tham, King of China, ingratiated himself into the favour of that Monarch by acting the part of a flatterer, telling the King what he knew would please him, and omitting what was fit for him to know, which gene-

ally offended the Chinese. One of the Captains took the courage to go to the King, and kneeling before him, the King demanded "what he would have?" "Leave," said the Captain, "to cut off the head of a flattering courtier who abuses you." "And who is that man?" said the King. "The Caleo who stands before you," said the Captain. "What," said the King, in a great passion, "wouldst thou cut off my master's head in my sight too? Take him from my presence, and chop off his head immediately." The officers laying hold of him, in order to execute the King's command, he laid hold of a wooden balaster, which, with their pulling, and his holding fast, broke asunder; and the King's anger by that time being abated, he commanded they should let the Captain alone, and that the balaster should be mended, and not a new one put in its place, "that it might remain to perpetuity as a memorial that one of his subjects had the courage and fidelity (with the hazard of his life) to advise the King what he ought to do for his own and the people's safety."

WILLIAM WITH THE STRONG HAND.

William with the Strong Hand was the eldest son of William de Albine, who came into England with William the Conqueror, and held large possessions by Knight's service in Norfolk. He is represented by the historians of those days as a man of great personal prowess and extraordinary agility and strength of body. Dugdale tells us why he was called William with the Strong Hand: the occasion was thus, as related by that judicious antiquary:

"It happened that the Queen of France, being then a widow, and a very beautiful woman, became much in love with a knight of that country, who was a comely person, and in the flower of his youth: and because she thought that no man excelled him in valour, she caused a tournament to be proclaimed throughout her dominions, promising to reward those who should exercise themselves therein, according to their respective merits; and concluding, that if the person whom she so well affected, should act his part better than others in those military exercises, she might marry him without any dishonour to herself.

"Hereupon divers gallant men, from foreign parts, hasting to Paris, among others came this our William de Albi-

ni, bravely accoutred, and in the tournament excelled all others, overcoming many, and wounding one mortally with his lance; which being observed by the Queen, she became exceedingly enamoured of him, and forthwith invited him to a costly banquet, and afterwards bestowing certain jewels upon him, offered him marriage. But having plighted his troth to the Queen of England, then a widow, he refused her; whereat she grew so discontented, that she consulted with her maids how she might take away his life; and in pursuance of that design, enticed him into a garden, where there was a secret cave, and in it a fierce lion, into which she descended by divers steps, under colour of shewing him the beast. And when she told him of his fierceness, he answered, that it was a womanish, and not manly quality, to be afraid thereof; but having him there, by the advantage of a folding door, thrust him in to the lion. Being therefore in this danger, he rolled his mantle about his arm, and putting his hand into the mouth of the beast, pulled out his tongue by the root; which done, he followed the Queen to her palace, and gave it to one of her maids to present to her.

"Returning therefore into England with the fame of this glorious exploit, he was forthwith advanced to the earldom of Arundel, and for his arms the lion given him; nor was it long after, that the queen of England accepted him for her husband, whose name was Adeliza (or Alice), widow to King Henry I. and daughter to Godfrey Duke of Lorrain; which Adeliza had the castle of Arundel, and county, in dowry from that king." And in the beginning of King Henry II.'s time, he not only obtained the castle and honour of Arundel to himself and his heirs, but also a confirmation of the earldom of Sussex, granted to him by the third penny of the pleas of that county, which in ancient times was the usual way of investing such great men in the possession of any earldom, after those ceremonies of girding with the sword, and putting on the robes, were performed, which have ever, till of late, been thought essential to their creation.

* Mr. Vincent ridicules this story (fol. 21); but as it is to be found in authors of as good authority as himself, and some of the ancient bearings of the Arundel family have the lion without a tongue, it has at least probability on its side.

"I am
of
Stra
verdict
the Sl
where
night b

Ther
mews,
square
shaver
ments
ing poe
My na

A knig

Ye da

A Brut
And fo

I've r

And I

As cas

Mr.
is by
an ele
the be
throw
an up
is ref
Fidco
mace
own g
own g
whose
—"Y
baste
Sleep
body
with
in the
so re
joint
thus

"A
brook
with
lick."
"
Twe
to the
Whit
philu

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

STRANGE VERDICT.—The following verdict was given by a Carlisle Jury on the 31st of January last, in a case where a child had been overlaid in the night by its mother—*Died unscen*.

There is now residing in Blandford-mews, in the vicinity of Portman-square, an old and very intelligent *slaver*, who, in addition to keen instruments and warm water, has the following poetical invitation in his window :

My name is M'Dermot, No. 6, in the
Mews,
A knight of the razor, and dealer in
news;
Ye dandy'd beaux, who require a
trim job,
A Brutus, or Titus, I'll well do the job;
And for ladies who wish to add art to
their grace,
I've ringlets and tresses to suit each
sweet face!
And I wish that each customer quitted
their cares,
As easy as I can deprive them of hairs.

METHOD OF TAKING ELEPHANTS.—It is by some supposed that the legs of an elephant have no joints, and hence the beast is unable to kneel, or when thrown down, incapable of regaining an upright posture. Though this idea is refuted by every professor of the *Pidcockian* art, it has given countenance to the profound speculation of one who has handled the subject—mine own grandfather's grandfather, among whose papers I find the following note :—"Yett of the manner in which these bestes are taken will I say one word. Sleeping they reeste the weight of their bodys against a tree, the whiche being with much art and cunnings cut away in the night season, occasions the beste so resting to fall. From having no joints, he cannot again raise him; and thus is made an easie prey."

A. D.

ODD TITLES TO BOOKS.

"A Pill for the Auther of 'Cranbrook,' a Poem; or, the Doctor Bled with his own Lancet, by Pedro Pilgarlick."

"A Poetical Battery of Two and Twenty Guns (Eight-Pounders), loaded to the muzzles, and discharged at the Whimsicalities of Cranbrook, by Theophilus Thunderbolt."

"Gentlemen looks about you," with this motto—

"Read this ouer if you're wise,
If you're not then reade it twice;
If a foole, and in the galle
Of bitterness, reade not at all."

A RARE PATRIMONY.—A young man of Nuremberg (says the journal of that city), who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family, where he was a dally visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all. No, replied he. Well, said the lawyer, would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if he should give you 20,000 dollars for it? (what an idea!) Not for all the world! 'Tis well, replied the lawyer, I had a reason for asking. The next time he saw the girl's father he said, I have inquired about this young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and he refused, 20,000 dollars for. This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head, when he thought of the jewel.

The newspapers of June 1773, state, that a living adder was found in a block of stone of 30 French feet diameter, the centre of which it occupied. It was twisted nine times round itself in a spiral line; it could not support the weight of the atmosphere, but died in a few minutes after it was taken from the stone. On examining the stone, not the least crevice could be discovered through which it might have crept, nor the minutest opening through which it could have received fresh air, or inhaled any sort of sustenance.

NEWTON'S PHILOSOPHY.—Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, "I don't know what I may seem to the world, but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

The following singular and truly whimsical *amende honorable* is extracted from a Lincoln Mercury for February 1806 :

Whereas I Benjamin Birch,
Of Boston town (and near the church),
At Stamford market, o'er the bowl,
Got drunk and slandered neighbour
Cole;

For which he hath, to my vexation,
By law compelled this declaration :
That I, without just cause or reason,
Made use of words as base as treason,
And therefore do his pardon ask,
A most unpleasant, painful task ;
But as I own I was to blame,
Why dang it then I'll sign my name.
Boston, Jan. 7, 1806. B. BIRCH.

An old peevish gentleman of the name of Page, who was doatingly fond of some geese and a gander, found them one morning all gone but the gander, who strutted up to him with a piece of paper tied round his neck, in which was sixpence and the following lines :—

" Pray, Mr. Page,
Don't be in a rage,
Tho' if you should, I shan't wonder ;
I've taken your geese
At a penny a piece,
And left the cash with the gander."

Shakspeare was performing the part of a King in one of his own tragedies, standing near the Queen's box, and having given orders to the attending officers, Elizabeth, wishing to know whether he would depart from the dignity of the sovereign, at that instant dropped her handkerchief; when the mimic monarch immediately exclaimed :—

" But ere this be done,
" Take up our *sister's* handkerchief."

Lord Ross having proposed a small prize as a reward to any one who should find a rhyme to the word "porringer," received the following Epigram :
The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her.
And now, my Lord, I claim the prize,
For finding rhyme to Porringer.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.
Beneath this stone a mould'ring virgin lies,
Who was the pleasure once of human eyes:
Her sprightly wit the gravest sage admired,
Her blaze of charms the coldest stoic
ad'd!

Wisdom applauded, virtue well approved,
The gay admired her much, the gallant
lov'd;
Amidst which triumphs death untimely
came,
And of this wonder only left a name.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of W. W. Tom Tobykin, and several other correspondents, intended for insertion this week, are deferred to our next, when they shall certainly appear.

Advertisements.

Books Published by J. LIMBIRD,
355, Strand.

LORD BYRON'S POEMS on his Domestic Circumstances: containing, Fare thee Well; Sketch from Private Life, or the Star of the Legion of Honour; Adieu to Malta; The Curse of Minerva; Waterloo, and three other Poems. With a Memoir and Portrait of the Noble Author. Price Sixpence.

In Octavo, Price Twopence,
A POETICAL ADDRESS to LORD BYRON, by Mrs. HEN. ROLLS, Authoress of "Sacred Sketches from Scripture History," "Moscow," and other Poems.

THE LEISURE of a LADY employed in Extracting from the best Authoress Pieces in Prose and Verse, for the Instruction of her own Children: Price Two Shillings.

Just Published, with Two Plates, representing Life in London; or, Doing the Fiats: and a correct View of the Finish; or Chates at the Stone Pitcher: and containing the unusual quantity of 64 pages, very closely Printed, Price Sixpence.

LIFE AND DEATH IN LONDON, or the Kaleidoscope of Villainy: describing the various Cheats and Frauds daily committed in the Metropolis of England.

THE ATROCIOUS LIFE of the Despot, ALI PACHA, Visier of Epirus: detailing the most Horrid Instances of Cruelty, Murder, and Oppression, without parallel in the Annals of the World; particularly his ordering a Noble, named Prifti, after having his flesh torn off by red hot pincers, to be burnt by a slow fire. Massacring Seven Hundred defenceless Prisoners of War. Forcing the French Prisoners to skin their slaughtered Comrades. Commanding Twenty unfortunate Women to be placed in a Sack, and thrown into the Sea. Starving the Pacha of Delvino to death. Beheading One Hundred and Sixty Greek Prisoners. Burning and Sacking numerous Towns, and Plundering and Massacring the Inhabitants, &c. &c. With a History of his Sister's dreadful Crimes.

Translated from the French.—Price Sixpence.

Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand (East end of Exeter Change); and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.—Printed by T. DOLBY, 229, Strand.